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THE LAST JUDGMENT.

A SERMON,

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PREACHED AT SURREY CHAPEL, BLACKFRIARS ROAD,

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“And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works.”—Revelation xx. 11—13.

IN looking around this congregation, beloved hearers, I feel at this moment well nigh overwhelmed. So many eyes—so many ears—all, the organs and the representatives of immortal souls!

Suffer me to relieve my emotions by an allusion to a well known fact. When Massillon pronounced one of those discourses, which have placed him in the first class of orators, he found himself surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The temple was not only hung with sable, but shadowed with darkness, save the few twinkling lights of the altar; the beauty and the chivalry of the land were spread out before him; the censers threw forth their fumes of incense, and they mounted to the gilded dome. There sat Majesty, clothed in sackcloth and sunk in grief. All felt in common, and as one. It was a breathless suspense; not a sound broke upon the awful stillness. The master of mighty eloquence arose. His hands were folded on his bosom: his eyes were lifted to heaven; utterance seemed denied him; he stood abstracted and lost. At length his fixed look unbent; it hurried over the scene, where every pomp was mixed and every trophy strewn. It found there no resting place, amidst all that idle parade and all that mocking vanity. Once more it settled; it had fastened upon *the bier*, glittering with escutcheons and veiled with plumes. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man “at his best estate,” in that hearsed mortal, overcame him. His eye once more closed; his action was suspended; and in a scarcely audible

whisper he disturbed the long drawn pause—" *There is nothing great out God.*"

It would be in vain for me to attempt his power of impression ; but it may not be wrong to covet his depth of feeling. And while these words are yet vibrating on your ears, and are harrowing up your souls, I take the abrupt sentence and fit it to the present theme. *There is nothing solemn but Judgment.*

The thunder-storm is solemn : when the lightnings, "as arrows, shoot abroad;" when the peals startle up the nations ; when the dread artillery rushes along the sky. But what is that to the far-resounding crash, louder than the roar and bellow of ten thousand thunders, which shall pierce to the deepest charnels, and which all the dead shall hear ?

The sea-tempest is solemn : when those huge billows lift up their crests ; when mighty armaments are wrecked by their fury ; broken as the foam, scattered as the spray. But what is that to the commotion of the deep, when "its proud waves" shall no more "be stayed," its ancient barriers no more be observed, the great channels be emptied, and every abyss be dry ?

The earthquake is solemn : when without a warning cities totter, and kingdoms rend, and islands flee away. But what is it to that tremor, which shall convulse our globe, dissolving every law of attraction, untying every principle of aggregation, heaving all into chaos and heaping all into ruin ?

The volcano is solemn : when its cone of fire shoots to the heavens ; when from its burning entrails the lava rushes, to overspread distant plains and to overtake flying populations. But what is that to the conflagration, in which all the palaces and the temples and the citadels of the earth shall be consumed ; of which the universe shall be but the sacrifice and the fuel ?

Great God ! must *our* eyes see—*our* ears hear—these desolations ? Must *we* look forth upon these devouring flames ? Must we stand in judgment with Thee ? Penetrate us now with Thy fear ; awaken the attention, which Thy trumpet shall not fail to command ; surround our imagination with the scenery of that great and terrible day. Let us now come forth from the graves of sin, of unbelief, of worldliness, to meet the overture of Thy mercy, as we must perforce start then from our sepulchres to see the descending Judge. Judge us now, that Thou mayest not condemn us then. Let Thy terror persuade, that it may not crush us.

Yes, it is no illusion. The heavens *shall* be as the shrivelled scroll of parchment ; this solid earth *shall* stagger as the drunken man, and cry as the travailing woman. The period is long since determined, when time shall have completed its course, when probation shall have run its measure, and when all the signs in the present system shall be fulfilled : when "the stars shall fall" as the leaves of autumn, when "the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and

the elements shall melt with fervent heat," and "all these things shall be dissolved."

It is the day of God. It is "the judgment of the great day." And I saw," said the prophet of the New Testament, "a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works."

Let us consider the scenery, which shall attend this august assize: the multitude, that shall be summoned to it: the process which must adjudicate it.

I. Let us consider the scenery, which shall attend this sublime event.

The "throne" is the emblem of royal dignity. "Only," said Pharaoh to Joseph, "on the throne will I be greater than thou." It is the symbol of Divine supremacy. "The Lord hath established His throne in the heavens, and His kingdom ruleth over all."

"His throne is as a fiery flame,
Rolling on wheels of burning fire."

It is a "throne of glory," which He will "not disgrace." It is a "throne of holiness," which He will remember. It is a throne of mercy, to which we have access. It is a throne, which "is for ever and ever." It is a throne, which is "high" and which is "lifted up." Sometimes He holdeth back the face of this throne. Sometimes "clouds and darkness are round about Him;" "righteousness and judgment," however, are alike its "habitation" and its base.

But *this* "throne" is new to heaven. It is specially prepared; and He sitteth upon it, who judgeth right.

It is "a great white throne." Refulgent in its purity and righteousness; formed of the fleecy vapours, burnished with the radiance of sun-beams, woven from the garniture of the sky. Sunrise and sunset never imprinted that stately purple, that glowing vermillion, that molten gold. It is vast, shadowy, undefined. No rainbow of the covenant girdles it; no suppliants or penitents sue before it; no pardons are issued from it. It is a tribunal throne.

It is occupied. There is One, that "sitteth upon it." Sometimes it is distinctively the throne of the Father. *Here* is no room for discrimination—there is no manner of similitude. For need we be at loss? "We must all appear before the judgment seat of *Christ*;" "When *the Son of Man* shall come in His glory, and all the holy

angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory." He is now enshrined with all the splendour, as He ever possessed all the fulness of the Godhead. Sometimes He is "seated with His Father on *His* throne;" sometimes we look forth on "the throne of God and of the Lamb." He now "thinketh it no robbery to be equal with God," and as God He is "Judge Himself." And yet we are to be called the idolaters of the nineteenth century, because we "honour the Son even as we honour the Father." Blessed Jesus! if *we* be idolaters, who—what—are the multitudes bending around Thy throne, casting their diadems at Thy feet, and crowning Thee Lord of all?

"From the face" of Him, who sitteth upon the throne, "the earth and the heaven flee away." He "gave His cheeks to them who plucked off the hair;" "they struck Him with the palm of their hand," they "smote Him with a reed," they "blindfolded Him;" He "hid not His face from reproach and spitting." Those brows were lacerated with thorns; those eyes overflowed with tears; blood trickled down those channels, which violence had furrowed and grief had worn. Into what expressions must that countenance have now kindled! with what terrors must it now be clothed! Things inanimate, insensible, smitten with a strange panic and with a sudden dismay, start back; and those bright heavens and this fair earth shrink into primeval disorder and anarchy and night. But not so can the sinner "flee away;" rocks—mountains cannot cover him; there is no hiding place for "the workers of iniquity."

Heaven and earth having fled away, "no more place is found for them." It may denote the dissolution of the whole created economy; it may simply refer to the dissolution of our planetary system, with its canopied atmosphere and with all that belongs to it. It makes little difference, whether it be the greater catastrophe or the inferior; the larger could not strike a deeper terror—the smaller could not induce a less. It is all to us, though the universe is rolling in its path; *our* heaven and *our* sky "find no more place." What matters to the animalcule, that noble streams are flowing, when its own drop is exhaled? What matters to the insect, that majestic forests flourish, when its own leaf has decayed? What matters to the emmet, that chains of magnificent mountain height are mingling with the heavens, when its own hillock is overturned?

And why do heaven and earth pass away? and why is no more place found for them? They have realised their end. They were but as the platform and the scaffolding; the erection is complete. "The mystery of God" is "finished." There is the consummation; and time, therefore, need "be no longer."

Another remark is due to the personage who sends forth an aspect so strange, so glorious, that even heaven and earth cannot endure the sight: it is the crucified One. It is He, whose doctrine has been so long a stumbling-block; it is He, who was put to death in

weakness and in shame. Complex was His Person ; mysterious was His investiture. But why is *He* the Judge ? “ All judgment is committed unto Him,” “ because He is the Son of man.” “ God hath appointed to judge the world in righteousness by that Man, whom He hath ordained :” of whom He hath given this notification, “ that He hath raised Him from the dead.” The clouds, then, now disperse ; that which was hidden is proclaimed ; that which was perverted is disabused. Jesus is vindicated ; every reproach is rolled away. All will acknowledge, that He has made good each challenged right, that He has made clear each suspected transaction, that He has made honourable each aspersed attribute : while the Cross stands up as the very index and basis and trophy of all, and He who now “ comes the second time” throws the renown and the triumph of His second coming over all, that was misunderstood and misconstrued in the first.

Another remark is also due to the whole of this great and singular process : it is incapable of description and embellishment. We take the scenery as it is delineated ; and with that we must satisfy ourselves. It is unsusceptible of exaggeration. If any of us could overleap the boundaries of time, and could see the winding up of the great drama of human events and mortal interests, would any of us report, that the judgment was too greatly described ? that the clangor of the trumpet was not so piercing, that the conflagration of the elements was not so vehement, that the apparition of the rising dead was not so appalling and so strange ? Should any of us say, that it was overdrawn, and that it had been extravagantly represented ? Faint is every metaphor, feeble is every description, unworthy is every imagining, when compared—rather when contrasted—with that which the reality shall prove.

There is “ a throne,” “ a great white throne ;” it is occupied by Him, whom the people despised and the nations abhorred ; from His face, suddenly transformed and transfigured, “ heaven and earth flee away ;” they are superseded in every design and use ; but Jesus is vindicated, beholding the honours of His tribunal ; and the transaction itself it is impossible to overstate or extravagantly to describe.

II. We now, then, turn, in the second place, to the multitude, that shall be summoned to it.

When we have entered a Court of justice, there has been one point of concentrated interest and attention. However splendid the forms of its administration, however solemn the functionaries of its exercise, whatever may have been the significance of its types, whatever may have been the dreadness of its issues, until law seemed built up into a throned state, and to have been covered with a spotless robe, all—all were forgotten by us while intent upon *the prisoner at the bar*. There he stood ; and what a spectacle ! The excess of feeling had confounded every feature, until it had lost its power, and

was incapable of its expression; and yet how keenly alive was he to every glance that was stolen, to every word that was breathed, bearing upon his case! Then how his eye rivetted! how attentive was his ear! Every function and organ of sense seemed to vibrate.

There we saw him—that poor wretch: his countenance of haggard vacancy, his spirit fallen into dark and torpid despair. He awaited the verdict of his guilt and the sentence of his condemnation.

We were spectators then; we felt but from the force of sympathy. We are now arraigned. We ourselves now are cited. We ourselves must confront this inquest; we ourselves must stand before this judgment-seat. All are comprehended; all are summoned. “Come to judgment,” small and great,” “the quick and the dead.”

Oh! this innumerable, this untold crowd. It were to insult its vastitude, to compare it to any of the throngs of earth: the millions which Thebes attracted—which Godfrey marshalled—over which Xerxes wept: when whole peoples have been stirred, when mighty nations have risen up, when they have said “A confederacy,” when the appeal has been made to a contemporary race and to a listening world.

Who knows the number of that generation of his species, which now fills this earth? Say that it is 500,000,000, low as is this computation. Begin not to reckon it for a thousand years. Then, from that epoch, you must multiply it at least a hundred and fifty times. Arithmetic has no fictitious figure, by which to include it; or if it might find the number or the sound, there the index might point, or there the sound might be uttered, but the mind would not be travelling with it—would not be informed by it. Yet some impression may be made upon us, when we think of those that shall “stand in the judgment,” by ascertaining the sources whence they are derived.

“The sea gives up its dead.” What navies have been shattered, and have been swallowed up by its rage! Pharaoh and his host: the whole world perished in its overflow. It is insatiable. It has encroached upon the kingdoms and the dwelling places of men. It is the very emblem of all that is insatiable: human cupidity, aggrandisement, ambition. It conceals that which it has devoured; but He who said to the waves of Gennesaret, “Peace, be still,” shall controul the multitudinous oceans of our earth, and then every cavern shall be searched, and every depth shall be sounded. It shall be exacted of its prey. Each secret now shall then be wrung from it, and all its captives be restored. “The sea gave up its dead.”

“Death gave up the dead which were in it.” The power of the grave, the personification of Death. The deep places of the earth for the dry land is but the burying-place of man. Let us think, however painted this scene may be, it is only a painted sepulchre; we are only treading on the dust of our predecessors, as posterity will soon tread on ours. But He who burst the barriers of the tomb, and made death bow before Him—He shall send forth His mandate,

publish His behest ; and then the vaults, and the catacombs, and the mummy pits, and the bone houses, shall disgorge the relics ; and death shall stand extorted as to all it knows, stripped of all it boasts, and the whole of this earth shall seem to stir with motion, and once more to heave with life, The dead shall live. Death is no longer the keeper of the prison-house, but delivers up the dead.

It was much, for the sea to obey Him who sitteth on the throne ; it was more, for death—the grave—the sepulchre—to yield its victims ; but “hell”—the place of departed spirits, where the disembodied soul of man is to be found, whether in happiness or in woe—Hades has listened to a voice, until then unknown to it. The gates of “the shadow of death” unbar, and its portals fly open. And now, there come—there come—there come—clouds of spirits rolling upon clouds, in swift succession, with impetuous rush ; sumless, but all individualised ; the consciousness of each distinct, the character of each defined, and the sentence of each anticipated. And Hades sends back spirits to those bodies, which the sea and the grave may no more retain.

“The small and the great stand before God.” All who have been among the mighty, and would not “let go their prisoners,” and all of minor name. Attila, Gonsalva, Auringzeb, with their vassals : Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, with their battallions : Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, with their disciples : all who ever achieved a name, and all who ever perished without one. None so great, that they can intimidate ; none so little, that they can be overlooked. “The small and the great stand before God.”

And looking at that mighty throng, there is a distinctive circumstance, which must not be overlooked : “*Every man* was judged.” It seems so vast an occasion, it seems so massive an aggregate ; can “every man” there find a place ? must “every man” there pass an ordeal ? Every man shall there stand apart, bearing his own burden, occupying his own lot. Every man shall there give the account for himself, and not for another. Every man shall there feel, as though for him alone that trumpet blast was rung, and that blazing conflagration was kindled, and all this sublime tragedy was acted. Every man shall feel, that he is noticed, that he is espied, and must be judged out of these books.

There is sometimes a deception we would practise upon ourselves : we think that we may be lost as in that multitude, overlooked as in that crowd. That objection is refuted ; all difficulty is defied. God can say, “All souls are Mine ;” and all souls, on that day, shall pass in review before Him. Each of your “idle words :” each of your “vain thoughts :” each of your impure desires : every bias of your spirit, every movement of your heart. What a resurrection is that, my brethren ! Do I speak of the resurrection of the body ? I speak of a resurrection more hideous. We must all “receive things done in the body, whether they be good or whether they

evil." All will germinate afresh; all will develope anew. There will then be understood the full doctrine of consequences, and what is the entail in eternity of all we speak, and all we think, and all we desire, and all we transact in time. All is given back to us. Not only the resurrection of our bodies; there is the resuscitation of our deeds.

III. Lastly, let us consider the process, that must determine or adjudicate it.

What a suspense have we felt, when we looked at the flying scroll; when we looked upon the seven-sealed Book! But what were they to these registers, on which all our fates depend?

There is a "book of God's remembrance." It is accommodated language, that we may better understand that nothing is forgotten by Him. "All our members" are in that book; and in that book "are not even our tears?" God "looks upon the heart;" "God requireth that which is past." These are solemn words: "If our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things." "Thou hast set mine iniquities before Thee, my secret sins in the light of Thy countenance." These are the books.

But that we may more distinctly analyse the figure, let us consider that these books may describe to us the requirements of God's law. When Hilkiab found the law, and read it to the people, they rent their clothes, awe-struck that they had committed so many offences against a long-forgotten law. When brought home by the Spirit, that rebukes "of sin, of righteousness and of judgment," to the conscience of Saul of Tarsus, a zealot and a persecutor, "sin revived," and as to all hope and as to all expectation instantly "he died." Men make very light of God's law, frame their excuses, offer their exceptions; they have little notion, that this law is "holy and just and good," that it is necessary, that it is inevitable, that it results from infinite perfection, that it is the very goodness as well as the rectitude of the Deity that compels it. They have little notion, that it is spiritual in its latitude and comprehensiveness. If they do not outwardly infringe it, they hold themselves freed from every charge, though they lust in their heart—though they covet in their heart—though in their heart they comprise every essence and every root of sin. But *then* that book, which is closed to so many, shall "be opened:" shall be opened in all its requirements, all its penalties, all its sanctions. You will not then think, that its bands are small; you will not then think, that its terrors are slight. If the law, by one drop of its present fury, one flash of its present power, causes the stoutest heart and the most rebel conscience to quail, how will the stoutest heart be as tow in the fire, and the most rebel conscience be as wax before the flame, when this book shall be opened!—shall be opened in all its contents, shall be opened in all its precepts, shall be opened in all its awards.

But are there no witnesses? Let memory speak; let conscience appear.

Let memory speak. Now, very frequently, we know its weakness by the rapidity of its transitions, and by the crowd of its images. Very much that we have known is obliterated; very much of former times and former seasons we cannot recal. Yet have you not felt occasionally, that you could live over again? There is a suggestive power, there is an associating principle; and one thing seemed to revive another, and though you had not thought upon it and not dwelt among it for years that had transpired, you saw it all at once, you felt it all again. And *then*, my brethren, memory will indeed be a faithful chronicle. Memory will be a living present. What will be the burst of all its lights, what will be the irruption of all its facts, what will be the harvest of all its long-buried seeds! Nothing effaced; nothing weakened as to impression; nothing confounded, lost in the mass; but every line distinctly drawn, the "jot and tittle" all fulfilled.

Let conscience speak. Life, with many, is but one prevarication with this, and one endeavour to escape from it. And yet they cannot always prevail. Conscience *makes* itself to be heard. There are those, who in spite of themselves are at this moment "full of the fury of the Lord." Their souls "meditate terror:" they "roar for the disquietness of their souls." "The spirit of man may sustain his infirmity; but a wounded spirit who can bear?" When all the arrows are barbed deep in that conscience, when all "the fury of the Lord" is poured out on that conscience, when the grievous whirlwind of wrath is pressing upon that conscience, oh! it will distort no tale, it will corrupt no testimony. While memory tells a fact, conscience will only speak a truth.

Brethren, such a law is to be opened; and memory will be an unimpeachable witness then, and conscience will be an unimpeachable witness then. How will you meet their report? How will you counterwork their evidence?

But these "books"—(they are many, they are not a single volume)—may refer to the discoveries of the Gospel. And these might indeed cheer, and these ought indeed to fortify, if you have "won Christ and are found in Him." But if you are unbelievers still, if you are "enemies in your minds by wicked works," if you are not reconciled unto God, this book is more portentous in its aspect against you, even than the volume of the law. You will be judged "according to this Gospel." Christ Himself exclaimed—"I judge him not; the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day." All the beseechings of mercy, all the remonstrances of authority, all the pleadings of tenderness:—this book shall be opened only the more terribly to convict and to condemn. Mercy will in that day be more terrible than justice. The Cross will be a sight, that a sinner will be glad to escape, though by escaping it he sink deeper

into the devouring flame. Calvary will be a spectacle, that he would gladly avoid, for it is more horror-smiting to him than the burning heaven and the dissolving world.

Brethren, the law brings its condemnation : it is of its nature to condemn the sinner ; but the Gospel brings its pardon, its reconciliation, its peace. Oppose not—presume not on it. Trifle not with it, lest you die in your sins.

And there is “another book.” It is like the bow in the cloud ; it is like the halcyon on the storm. It is “the book of life.” Then, if we be enrolled in it, it is an act of grace. If we be enrolled in it, we now present a correspondence of character : we have life in us, it dwelleth in us ; for the apostle could say of his companions—“ Their names are in the book of life.” And if we be enrolled in it, there is here certainty and guarantee ; for it is “in hope of eternal life, which God that cannot lie promised before the world began.” And “the *Lamb's* book of life :” our names written in His precious blood !

They shall be judged “according to their works.” Not as the foundations of their faith, but as its proofs : not as any thing beyond the symptom, the test, and the trial. But “show me,” says Christianity now—“show me thy faith by thy works.” Christianity, through the lips of its “Author and Finisher,” will say the same in judgment to every formalist and every professor : “Show me thy faith by thy works.” We shall, therefore, be judged, every one according to our works—the form our character has assumed, the caste our life has taken, “what manner of spirit we have been of,” what has been the whole state, spirit, practice of our conduct.

“I saw,” said the prophet. He never forgot it. Had we caught a glimpse, surely we could not forget it too. But men say, it is so distant. Distant ! “It is appointed unto you once to die ;” when will that appointment come ? “This night your soul” may be “required of you.” “And after death, the judgment.” Immediately : not as to its public ratification, but as to its immediate impression and absolute effect. Judgment distant ! an hour may place you there.

You say, it is so vast ; so many are included—the swarming multitudes of angels. But your sin is distinct ; your spirit stands out from every other spirit, that the Divine inspiration ever breathed. And that self, which you understand, however sophists may attempt to puzzle it—that self of yours inheres in you, and lives in you. And it shall be *the same* : so that if you should awaken up in your thought after thousands and thousands of years, long after eternity has unfolded itself, you will be compelled to say—‘I am the very same I was ; this is the same instrument of thinking, that I possessed before ; this is the same faculty of feeling, that I possessed before ; I remember that world, in which I first received my life ; I remember my passage through that world ; I am not a transformed being ; there is nothing forgotten, nothing evaded, nothing shuffled ; I am *the same*.’ What a thought will that be in eternity, to each

one who dies in unbelief, and perishes in rejection of the Saviour ! ‘ I am that unbeliever, and I am bearing the eternal consequences of that my vile infatuated unbelief.’

But you think it inconceivable. ‘ Is it not painted too strongly ? are not the colours overcharged ?’ The sun rose upon Sodom ; but the horrible tempest blasted it ere that noon. There were those, doubtless, in the days of righteous Noah, who, as he adjusted plank after plank for a hundred and twenty years, taunted and scoffed at him ! but the world of the ungodly, notwithstanding, was destroyed. Put not your power to conceive, against the “ sayings,” which are “ faithful and true.” Say not, “ Where is the promise of His coming ?” “ He is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness”—as you are counting it likewise.

And now, go to that Saviour, who shall then be the Arbiter and Judge ; and bear with you all that you can bear—your poor, your guilty, your miserable self. Urge—plead the cause of your immortal soul. Say to Him—‘ *It is unworthy of Thy notice, it is encrusted with a leprosy of crime, but it is my all ; Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me.*’ Ah ! thou needest not tell Him what is thine all ; thou needest not tell Him how precious and how invaluable it is to thee as thine all. Has He not died the death ? Knoweth He not, that “ the redemption of the soul is precious ?” Thou hast found thy way, then, to Him, who “ receiveth sinners ;” who will in no wise cast out.” Thine appeal is to a heart of infinite compassion, and thou must prevail.

But what if there be those, who determinately resist the overture of mercy, and set themselves against Jesus as a Saviour, and H. Spirit as a sanctifier ? My beloved hearers, for a moment pause ; for a moment bear with me. Did you ever think upon those words—“ the wrath of the Lamb ?” the wrath, not of “ the Lion of the tribe of Judah,” but “ of the Lamb.” Not the wrath of Him, who goeth forth in His indignation ; but “ the wrath of the Lamb”—the Lamb meek and gentle—the Lamb who was “ led to the slaughter”—“ the Lamb that was slain.” “ The wrath of the Lamb !” What ! that emblem of compassion, that incarnation of pity—can there be wrath in Him ? Wrath in that eye, which wept over the perishing sinner ? wrath on those lips, that only spake of kindness and of love ? What meaneth this combination ? “ The wrath of the Lamb !” Exhausted patience *then* : inflamed mercy *then* : incensed love *then*. No more compassion in infinite compassion ; no more love in inexhaustible love. The Cross no more propitiates ; the blood of expiation no more speaks ; “ the door is shut ;” the very office of Mediator is abdicated ; and now there is left but “ the wrath of the Lamb !”

Go to Him, flee to Him, ere that wrath shall be “ kindled but a little.” One flake of it would consume you ; one manifestation of it would destroy you. It will be too late, when all this is r

“the wrath of the Lamb”—to say, ‘Rocks! fall on us; hills! cover us.’ “The wrath of the Lamb” pierces all. And though, my brethren, you might conceive of the sternness of the Judge, though you might bear up under the conception of the severity and the vengeance of the Almighty, what a hell is reserved for you—a hell that shuts you up for ever, under “THE WRATH OF THE LAMB!”

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